Metropolitan Hotel.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, Dec 15 ,1884

Dear Sir: In my 22d year I was a professor of English and the Classics at Poydras College, Parish of Pointe Coupée, Louisiana. This was in 1861. The College is situated on what is called Fausse Riviere, and distant from the Mississippi about 7 miles. One April day I received the Delta newspaper of New Orleans containing an account of the attack on the Massachusetts Regt. that first passed through Baltimore. This account excited me greatly. I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night

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I have written poems since, more artistic than "Maryland", but they had not the same sonorous inspiration. I have about 50 poems which might be embodied in book form, but the leisure to properly compile them has been denied me. Twenty years of newspaper drudgery have nearly extinguished the poetry of my nature, if they have not turned what was once romantic to burlesque".

I am,

Very Truly Yrs.

Jas R Randall.

Brander Matthews Esq.

P.S. Please correct any punctuation in the poem that may be necessary.

My Maryland!

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

~ ~ ~

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'Tis thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! For thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thy own anointed throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And sing thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
Sic Semper! 'Tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meet,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek;
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll—
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

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I hear the distant thunder-hums,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drums,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

Written at Pointe Coupée, La,
April 1861— by
My Truly Yrs,
James R. Randall.